

The  
Pinkerton  
Critic.

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March 1909.

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# The Pinkerton Critic.

VOL. V.

DERRY, N. H., MARCH, 1909.

NO. 4

Published twice each term by the students and faculty of  
Pinkerton Academy.

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DERRY, N. H., 1909.

It is not without hesitation that we undertake a matter of this kind; and we hope that you will believe us when we say that we write, as a boy to a boy, the things we should not wish to call your attention to when you are in the presence of your school-mates. We must remember that these are the things which every school is trying to eliminate, and that we are only a part of the great army of those who are struggling against the same difficulties.

We must admit at the outset that there

are no "bad boys" at P. A.; they are only careless. Thus we are sure that a word to the wise will prove sufficient. The boy who, during an examination, will sit watching the teacher until he finds an opportunity to steal a peep at his book, which lies open on his knees, does not stop to realize that he is watching the wrong man and that the fellow inside his own clothes is the one who needs serious attention. Nor does he consider the effects of these little bits of meanness upon a developing character, upon the name of the school, and upon the minds of those about him. Boys! we have not thought this matter through; we can't cheat the teachers even though we succeed in placing our mark where it does not belong; it is against ourselves that we are doing this wrong, and we shall surely feel the effects sometime, it may be in college, it may be before our employer, and it may be when we have tasted life and look back upon these golden days. Let us use our energy, then, in an honest effort, and not in underhanded attempts at "Cribbing."

We have noticed a certain few who are careless with their time. At P. A. any boy should be willing to give himself to diligence during the short time he is required to do so. Five hours at school with a restful intermission, and three hours evening study period, will use but one-third of the day; we have left a third in which to sleep, and a third to use for recreation. Still there are a few who are not satisfied, but thoughtlessly appropriate

their precious hours in the boys' coat room and the gymnasium. We do not yet count our time in dollars and cents, or in fame and usefulness, but we shall sometime; and it would be sad indeed to discount either cash or influence because of wasted moments here.

The highest type of gentleman is not grown where there are no ladies, and it must be remembered that the Pinkerton misses are "Ladies," and that the boys are "Gentlemen" as a whole: there are a few however, who, we feel confident, would resent it decidedly should a schoolmate act as discourteously before their sisters as they have been seen to act before some of our girls. Our actions, our words, our expressions, and our thoughts should be carefully guarded in the presence of ladies; for in so doing we establish the traits of manliness.

If we were to draw a pen-picture of an ideal man, one of the parts which we could hardly forget would be his tongue. How true are the words of the wise man who wrote, "A lying tongue is but for a moment, but the tongue of the wise useth knowledge aright." Not only a lying tongue, but a tongue that in any way permits itself to be colored by evil speaking, is crippled for the best use of knowledge. We would urge the upper classmen to discontinue every form of faultiness in their speech, not that we would have them become cranks in diction and elegance, but we do wish that they would use as much thoughtfulness in their speech before the under classmen as they would before their mothers and sisters. Can we not lend our influence to the uplift of our standard by frowning upon the boy who will disgrace himself, his parents, his

school, and his country, by giving his tongue over to profanity and vile stories? Can't our corridors and class-rooms be free, not only from the audible breaches of etiquette, but also from the mutterings? Can't the very fact of our associations here inspire a sense of gallantry and manhood, that will shut out even the thoughts of such things?

### Supreme Joy.

BY DESPARDIEUX.

Once a man has become a full fledged fisherman, and has caught trout and bass from an Adirondack or Canadian river, the fishing fever returns regularly at the first breath of spring.

As soon as the ice has broken up in the lakes and rivers, and the first songs of the robins and orioles are heard; something in the blood of a fisherman begins to turn, and turn, and move about, until the poor man has to drop everything and go fishing. Even going fishing in a water-pail is something, for to the best of my knowledge, fishing is sitting in the hot sun and spoiling the best part of a day waiting for the "big one," that never comes, and then having the supreme joy of telling a circle of attentive listeners, what a "whopper you hooked, but he got away."

So, at the first breath of spring, the fisherman takes himself up in the attic, and pulls from under the eaves an old, dusty, cobweb-covered, canvas trunk.

Sitting cross-legged on the floor before it, with his pipe filled and drawing nicely, what memories does he bring up as he gazes at the cloud of fragrant smoke. With far-away eyes, his imagination takes him on many a journey. There are ram-

bles beside a dainty country brook that,

"Winds about and in and out,  
With here a blossom sailing,  
And here and there a lusty trout,  
And here and there a grayling:"—

struggles with the mighty muskallonge in the shadows of the gloomy Canadian forest, where these pirates of the lakes lurk beneath the lily pads. Then is pictured in his mind, the waiting and watching for the giant tarpon, under the blazing Florida sun. He thrills in every nerve as he thinks of the weary fight against the finny monster's rushes, and of the pride he felt when at last the weakened fish submitted to the gaff. All these and many others are reviewed, but for him they are no more.

Without a sigh or single regretful glance, he puts away the heavy rod and reel. From a leather case, he takes a light and dainty fly rod, and to his contemplative mind it brings memories far sweeter than the others. It is the memory of fishing the home streams with the little Partner by his side; that marvelous being that changed his fishing trips from a world-wide tour, to these half day rambles. Now he is as content to sit beneath the shade of an ancient pine and watch Her look at the sky, as fish.

And this is what all the talk amounts to; a man need not tramp through half the world looking for the true sport, for he will never find it. Not until he has a little Partner can he enjoy supreme joy. The fish will have more chance, and the beauties of nature and of little Partner be better appreciated, for the man and Her do not give a continental whether the fish bite or not.

## John Takes Care of the Baby.

ROY GRAHAM.

"John dear, will you please mind the baby while I am at the Woman's Club. He is asleep now, and if he wakes up you amuse him and keep him out of mischief. Don't let him get hold of anything sharp or"—

"Now Mary, there is no need of telling me what to do and what not to do; don't you suppose I know? Why, when I was a boy I helped bring up my three youngest brothers, and my mother used to say that I could take care of them just as well as she could; so don't fret yourself about nothing," replied Mr. Lemach, rather nettled at his wife's supposition that he did not know how to take care of a baby.

After his wife had gone John lay down on the sofa saying, "I will lie down and rest for a few minutes, but will not go to sleep," and in a short time he was snoring.

John was awakened by a loud crash; he jumped up with a worried look and said, "I wonder what mischief that kid has got into. I guess I had better go and hunt him up."

When Father John got to his young son's room, he found him on the floor, holding a piece of broken lamp in his hand, while all around him were pieces of broken bottles and bric-a-brac which he had pulled off the table with the table cloth.

"A nice mess you have made! I wonder what your mother will say when she gets home. I guess I had better put some clean clothes on you. I will go and find some." John hunted in every closet and bureau draw, but he could not find them,

At last when he was about to give up the search he found them in the same room with the baby, on a chair. "Well I declare! Here are that kid's duds right before my eyes. Come little man and let me dress you . . . . I wonder what she puts on first . . . . . I guess she puts this long dress on first and then the short ones. . . . . Well . . . . that looks kind of queer, but I suppose it will have to go . . . . confound that pin! . . . . Here! hold still! how do you think I can button these buttons if you don't? . . . . I wonder what this piece of cloth is for. It looks like a towel. She must tie it around his neck . . . . . Well kid, some how or other you don't look natural, but I have got the clothes all on you in some place."

John gave the baby his blocks and then took his paper and went to reading the news, but he was not destined to have peace; for as soon as he left the baby it began to cry. John picked it up and went around the room jolting it up and down, and patting its back as you would a dog, but the baby would not stop crying; in fact it cried all the harder. Then John remembered having heard that if you keep a baby's mouth stuffed full of sugar it will not cry; so he laid the baby on its back, made a tunnel out of paper, and began pouring in the sugar. But the baby was crying so hard that it could not swallow, and naturally the sugar overflowed and ran over its face. "I guess the kid must be sick, or he would eat sugar. I will see what I can do to doctor him. Let me see . . . . when Mary sent me after that 'Johnson's Liniment' she said it was for the baby, so I will give him some of that . . . . I wonder where

she keeps it . . . . Oh! she put it on the shelf in the back kitchen . . . Here it is . . . . I will give him a teaspoonful and if that doesn't help him I will give him something else . . . . Hush! Hush! baby, papa will fix you up all right. Now take this medicine, and papa will buy you some candy. That's the good boy."

This medicine did not seem to help the baby, so John went and heated some cloths and put them on the baby's stomach; then he put some goose grease on the baby's nose; but still he cried.

"I guess perhaps he has got a stomach ache, I will give him some peppermint, and then put him in a tub of hot mustard water. That ought to cure him."

John poured the peppermint down the baby's throat, and then went to prepare the hot bath. He got the washtub out, filled it with warm water, and poured in what he supposed was mustard, but was really white pepper. Then he commenced to sneeze. "I don't see where I (sneeze) got this c-co-co (sneeze) this cold."

John took the baby in the kitchen where the tub was and laid it on two chairs, face down, and began taking out the pins and unbuttoning its clothes. The baby had stopped crying and was sneezing as hard as its father. Just then the door opened and Mary came in. She stopped a minute in horror at what she saw and then rushed forward and caught up the baby and said: "O John! you brute! what do you mean (sneeze) by abusing my baby, my dear little d-d-darling? You horrid, cruel thing to make my precious (sneeze) cry so and then treat it so unmercifully."

"Mary (sneeze) good bye. We are all

going to die (sneeze). We have got the black plague. I read about it in the paper this morning. The paper said that it commenced by a hard spell of sneezing and I have (sneeze) (sneeze) got it. Good bye."

"Plague nothing! We are sneezing because you were fool enough to empty some pepper in that water. I should be ashamed of my ignorance if I were you."

John looked kind of dazed for a minute then he hung his head and went out to the barn.

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### A Modern Columbus.

BY CARRIE I. SMITH.

The long, drizzling rain had already lasted two days, and there was every prospect of its lasting two more. But in spite of the rain, Mr. Blake had been obliged to go away on business, leaving a neighbor in charge of the farm, as the boys were yet too small to take charge.

The children got along all right the first day, enjoying their temporary confinement. But on the second they grew uneasy, and their mother suggested that they pop corn. They readily agreed, and said that they ought to have some apples also.

"Yes, we ought to," said John, the eldest boy, "and I'll get some."

"I don't see how you can," replied his mother. "They are at the other side of the cellar, and the water in the cellar is up to your armpits."

John apparently didn't believe this, for he went down and took a survey of the artificial lake, over which a dim light shone through two small windows, one on each side of the cellar. He could just see the long rows of jellies and preserves

along the side of the wall at his left, and beyond these, on a raised platform, where Mr. Blake had taken the precaution to put them, knowing that the walls had a tendency to leak, and that the cellar was often full of water in the spring, were the much desired apples. This seemed to make John all the more eager to get them. He returned to the kitchen, and sat quietly thinking a few moments, while the others ate his share of the corn.

"I have it!" he cried at last. Then he went into the shed and brought back the washtub. This he launched at the foot of the stairs.

"John, what are you going to do?" demanded his mother.

"I'm going to paddle across the Black Sea," replied he, fetching the coal shovel for a paddle.

"Oh, Jack, take me," cried George.

"Well, I guess not," retorted John.

"Ma, make him take me," said George, almost crying.

"No!" answered his mother, "I don't want two wet boys to take care of."

"Pooh! I shan't get wet."

He safely arrived at the apple barrels, and filled the basket with the fruit, as he started to return, he called, "Here comes Columbus back to Spain with a boat full of good things." He looked at his brothers, who were watching from the stairs, instead of at his boat, and consequently ran into an old wooden post, in the middle of cellar, which helped to support the house. Then happened something which certainly did not happen to Columbus on his return voyage. When John arose dripping, he was for making directly for the stairs. But his mother said, no! She wasn't going to have all those apples wasted. So John had to stand there in

the cold water, reaching for them on the surface all around him, and George didn't envy him much, either.

## Pinkerton Boys of Days Gone By.

BY HENRY A. BRADFORD.

That the spirit of the Pinkerton boy has changed little during the past forty years the following anecdotes will show.

"Web" Sanborn was a short, thick set boy from Gloucester, who boarded first at Dr. Folsom's, and later went to live with the Wilsons in the house now occupied by Mr. Pliny Campbell. "Web" was a fellow who could make fun for every one, and although a great friend of Mr. Wilson's he loved to play jokes on him.

One morning "Web" happened to be the first person at the breakfast table, and discovered, considerably to his disappointment, that the chief dish was to be fish hash, and that too, for the third successive day. It was Mr. Wilson's custom each night to place his long-legged boots behind the stove so that they might be warm and dry in the morning. "Web" quietly took the steaming dish of hash and turned it into the old man's boot, where it was not found until too late to serve its original purpose.

Mr. Wilson had his shop across the brook and used to cross by a plank behind his house. He used frequently to sharpen his neighbors' axes. One night, while reading his paper, he heard a knock and on going to the door, found a boy with an axe. The old man took it and stood it behind the door; then he returned to his reading. Soon he heard another knock, and there was another boy with

an axe. By and by he was again called out, and still a third boy handed him an axe to be sharpened. He took it and put it with the others. More axes kept coming, until the poor old gentleman thought that some epidemic had fallen upon the axes of the neighborhood. Earlier than usual Mr. Wilson arose next morning in order to finish his unusual task. His surprise was great to find standing back of his door where he had put so many the night before, just one axe. If he could have heard the boys talking it over he would have known that "Web" had been on hand and passed the axe out the window to a new boy each time as soon as Mr. Wilson had brought it in.

One day in early spring word came up to the Academy that Mr. Wilson was missing. School was dismissed so that the boys might aid in the search. There had been a heavy rain the day before, and the brook was very high. "Web" Sanborn and Dr. Butterfield got a boat and went down the stream, and there, way down at the lower end of the meadow, they found the old man's body. He had probably tried to cross to his shop on the narrow plank bridge, had fallen in and drowned. "Web" jumped out of the boat and got the poor old gentleman, and his grief at the sad death of his good old friend was heartfelt and lasting.

Who of us will ever forget Horace Osgood? He was a tall boy with long, white hair, but more to be remembered than his appearance was his marvelous knowledge of the Bible. If one were to repeat one line, he would say the rest of the verse and tell in what portion of the Bible it occurred.

Nat Newell was a green-looking but witty boy. One day some of us were dis-

cussing some matter when he put in his word. "I think so," said he. One of the group turned to him and said, "You don't know anything." "Well!" said Nat, "I don't know much, and what I do know I don't know sartin." And after all, how many of us are like him! Who really does know anything "sartin?"

Dr. Crombie kept boarders in those days, and a fine place his house was. No storm in winter was so hard but that the Doctor, with his span of horses and his large pung with high sides, would take the teachers and the pupils to and from school, and on Sunday there was always a meeting, no matter how deep the snow, for the Doctor was always there with his load. I have seen forty persons in his pung on their way to church.

One night one of the Trustees, who

lived not far away, was awakened by the striking of the bell in the tower of the school. He dressed himself and went out, expecting to find some one at the Academy, the bell striking every few seconds in the meantime. He approached very quietly, but found nobody. No sooner had he started back home when the mysterious striking began again and this weird performance was repeated on several occasions, each time on the thirteenth of the month at thirteen minutes past twelve. Probably this good member of the Board never found out the secret, and certain it is that the story got about that the Academy was haunted. Present day boys and girls should be careful to avoid this dangerous neighborhood on dark nights at such unholy hours.

## Correspondence.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CRITIC:

At different times during the life of everyone situations arise whose solutions mark crises in that person's life. Perhaps no question is so constantly recurring, and so insistently brought, to the consideration of students in preparatory schools and academies, such as Pinkerton, as this: "Is college worth while?" An affirmative reply, that college is worth while, often meets two objections at least in the first place, that a college education is not practical, except to those who wish to teach in secondary schools and colleges; and secondly, that college is too great a luxury for a person of modern means. There may be other minor points of discussion, but these two

seem of greatest importance. To answer adequately even these two statements would require a more careful and comprehensive treatment than is possible within the limits of this letter. I realize that I may write here what seems too sweeping, what may be disproved by individual cases. Yet, I am fully satisfied that a college education is a practical investment, both for those who intend to make teaching their profession, and for those who may choose another vocation.

I think that the most noticeable influence which college life exerts upon an individual is the broadening of his ambitions, knowledge, and character. One may never know what he can do until he tries,—a principle which is a cogent fac-

tor in the life of an undergraduate whose ideals are elevated and intensified by the broad field of his four years' course. Besides, the student of the East comes in contact with the student of the West, and one learns from the other about the conditions and problems of that part of the country which is not his native home. There is the same exchange of information between the Northern and the Southern students,—a culture, gained first-hand by long companionship, which is almost equivalent to travel, which is better than rapid travel where only a superficial knowledge is gained concerning the characteristics of the people living in the section of the country visited.

A large institution is able to secure the services of noted and efficient men and women who lecture on subjects related to all courses in the curriculum; concerts by the best artists are held; and loan exhibitions add to the interest of the art courses. Such opportunities, in nearly all instances, are open without charge to the students; otherwise at such a price as to be within the reach of all. Besides this, the access to a college library in itself is a feature not to be neglected or forgotten by the undergraduate, for its advantages cannot be over estimated, especially in collateral reading. Furthermore, the business and professional world is constantly demanding specialism in filling positions, and consequently the training of college is a more potent recommendation than ever before. At college one learns, along with one's studies, to be accountable to a certain system, and it is, in great measure, this recognition of definite and related methods which better fits a college graduate for the

world's work. Today it is necessary for a man or woman to have more general knowledge than that required in their own vocation. For instance, a knowledge of physics, or chemistry, or economics, if not indispensable, is assuredly serviceable. The world is asking that a man give better returns for his life; and it is noticeably a necessity for a woman to count on something else than remaining at home.

So I believe that even for those who have not decided to live a teacher's life, there is a great, practical training at college which aids much in later life. Even one year at college is not wasted in as far as it develops stronger character. Many students are sent from their home environment where they have been dependent upon the daily advice of others, even to minutest details. They are suddenly plunged into a new condition of affairs; they are at first bewildered; however, it is only a short time before they become accustomed to depend upon themselves, become resourceful, and learn how to adjust themselves to circumstances so that they are better prepared for subsequent changes of environment. Moreover, college is a clearing-house for mannerisms. It is only at college, I think, that our best develops consideration for others, and in the great family of students there appears a sort of mutual aid society which tends to bring out the best points of every one and to minimize the faults. In this same connection should also be recognized the prevailing class spirit which every member of a college feels, and which is best illustrated perhaps, in the numerous life long friendships which are formed at college.

That a person of moderate means can

go to college is being demonstrated every day and every hour in every college. The ways and means of gaining collegiate education are more abundant than they were several years ago. Scholarships, tutoring, many forms of manual employment, are open to the students. Many people think that it is socially unpleasant for a person to work his way through college. That depends upon the individual. If he wishes to set himself apart from his more fortunate associates, this distinction will be made by himself and not by the latter. At this point, I wish to correct a prevailing opinion that Smith College is not democratic. Naturally, I should wish to be loyal to my own college, but it is not with blind loyalty that I say that Smith is democratic. And I think that this characteristic is in fact due to the fact that there is no antagonistic spirit felt between the four classes. The Freshmen are not the prey of Sophomore pranks. In fact the names of Freshman and Sophomore, "absurd when applied to men, still more absurd when applied to women" as President Seelye remarked the other morning in chapel, are not officially recognized. Instead we are proud of our First and Second Classes. There is a strong bond of fellowship between the odd and the even, as well as between the upper and the lower classes.

Again, there is the objection to a large

college for a person whose finances are uncertain. Why should one consider it a necessity to choose a small college in such a case? Surely, there are more opportunities for helping one's self in a large institution. Sometimes, too, a few years intervening between preparatory school and college might help one financially. By no means is this a hindrance. On the other hand, these few years may prepare for a better appreciation of what college life really means, and what it has in its power to bestow. At Smith college there is a well organized Students' Aid and Exchange Society, which is doing a grand work in helping those who wish to work their own way in college.

In closing, I think that people are prone to underestimate the value of social life of a college which instead of being a disadvantage, is, on the contrary, a decided advantage in that it gives the student a necessary self-command, and self-poise, qualities that will count in after life. Of course, social affairs may become a too predominant element in college life; but everything may be done to excess—even studying. In this respect, as in all that precedes, we must remember that the individual has his own life to form, so the material must be responsive.

Sincerely yours,

MARION C. WEBSTER.

Northampton, Mass., Mar. 10, 1909.

## Alumni Department.

### Alumni Notes.

(\* Denotes non-graduate, year given being last of attendance.)

Rev. C. L. Merriam of the Board of

Trustees, was a special guest, with other Yale mates, at the inauguration of President Wm. H. Taft, at the "Occidental" Washington, D. C.

In the colonial play, "Soldiers Brave

and Maidens Fair" given under the auspices of Molly Reid chapter, D. A. R., Derry Village, Feb. 22, the cast of characters was composed of P. A. alumni with but three exceptions.

**50's.** Mr. Wilson Palmer died suddenly of apoplexy at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Henry W. Bullard, Arlington, Mass., Feb. 18. He was born in Candia, N. H., and his attachment for his native place was very strong. He had contributed many articles to the press, was a school teacher, lecturer, and a great lover of nature. As a public speaker he was widely known, and was in great demand by many organizations to discuss educational matters. He leaves one daughter and six grandchildren.

**'69.** Mr. John C. Chase had the pleasure of listening to a powerful address by Ex-Gov. Joseph W. Folk of Missouri, before the Boston City Club, on the "Progress of Reform in Municipal and State Government." This speech was very epigrammatic and showed deep thought.

**'70.** Judge F. N. Parsons is one of the building committee for the erection of the handsome building for the N. H. Historical society, Concord, N. H., in 1910. The building is to be of classic dignity and in the Greek Doric style.

**'75.** Hon. Samuel W. McCall (Faculty) of Winchester, Mass., has been chosen President of Dartmouth college but has declined the honor, preferring Congressional work.

**\*'78.** Mrs. Emma (Parmerton) Olmstead is spending the winter in Germany.

**\*'82.** Elmer D. Goodwin is treasurer of the Colonial Gold Mining Co., with offices located in New York and Manchester.

**\*'83.** Much interest is being shown in the "Open Air School" at Franklin Park Refectory, Boston, which is under the supervision of Miss Helen M. Meade (Faculty), an enthusiast in this line of work. On the roof of the building, every school day, may be seen pupils, studying, reciting, exercising and resting. The only covering is a portable wooden frame covered with canvas; the sides are open but can be closed in case of a storm or strong wind. When seated at their desks the children have wool-lined brown canvas bags drawn up around their waists; they also wear their wraps. Breakfast, dinner and supper are served in the basement, a rest period is given, and cot beds are provided for the pupils. In the afternoon music, calisthenics and walks are enjoyed. The children are not all White Plague victims. Great results are expected from this new method of instruction.

**'86.** Miss Lillian B. Poor is taking four months Normal Kindergarten work at Grand Rapids, Mich.

**'87.** Robert Lincoln O'Brien, Editor of the Boston Transcript, gave an address before the Boston Boot and Shoe club, at Hotel Brunswick, Boston, February 17, on the subject of "Mr. Taft's Next Job." Much solid information was given. The speaker dwelt on the power of public opinion in connection with the president's influence in legislation. He was thoroughly conversant with the subject at hand, and particularly happy in his conclusions.

Mr. O'Brien also delivered an address at Pinkerton Academy on the evening of Feb. 11, the occasion being the celebration of Lincoln's centenary. His subject was the life of Lincoln.

'90. The Rev. Halah A. Loud of Lynnfield, Mass., made a brief visit in town on his way to the Congregational conference in Manchester, N. H.

'91. Dr. Harry W. Newell has opened an office at 967 Elm St., Manchester, N. H.

\*'91. Hugh Moore of Concord, N. H., who has had charge of the N. H. department of the State Mutual Life Assurance Co., for the past seven years, has resigned this position to devote his whole time to the practice of law. He has been very successful in this work.

'93. Lieut. A. L. Parsons, U. S. N., is again stationed at Washington, D. C.

'91 and 93. Miss A. Bertha Poor and Fred W. Poor leave Boston April 1, for a trip to Washington, D. C.

\*'02. Richard M. Alley is at present located at Tanana, Alaska, where he has been for several months.

'07. Miss Helen L. Melvin gave a delightful Chopin Recital at her home, March 1, in honor of the 100th anniversary of the birthday of Frederick Chopin. Dainty refreshments were served, followed by a pleasant social hour.

\*'08. Arthur Ellsworth Martin has entered the employ of the First National Bank, Derry, N. H.

The Rev. Perley C. Grant of Newport,

N. H., has been extended a call to the Day Street Congregational Church of West Somerville, Mass.

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## Births.

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Manchester, N. H., Feb. 19, 1909. To Mr. and Mrs. Mahlon A. Pike, (Emily J. Bean) '01, a daughter Dorothy Jeanette.

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## Marriages.

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Manchester, N. H., March 5, Fred Leslie Corson '08, of Derry, to Leila Caroline Lang \*'08, of Candia.

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## Deaths.

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'50's. Brentwood, N. H., Feb. 14, 1909, Edwin Holland Hall.

'50's. Arlington, Mass., Feb. 18, 1909, Wilson Palmer, aged 76 years.

Cambridge, Mass., Feb. 24, 1909, Mrs. Louise Pickett, the widow of Daniel Dana Patten, aged 74. Mrs. Patten, who recently died in Cambridge, will be pleasantly remembered by many P. A. students who were here during her management of Hildreth Hall, Derry, N. H., in the late 80's.

\*'91. Manchester, N. H., Mar. 9, 1909. Mrs. David G. Church (Rose Clark).

## The Academy Crow.



Caw, Caw, Caw! another term is nearing its close, and I must hand my little contribution in for the CRITIC, before the owl gets ahead of me. Oh! the owl is a very wise bird but from the "words of he who knows" in the last issue of the CRITIC, it is very evident he has never studied English grammar.

I was flying 'round the campus one evening a few weeks ago, when I saw people going into the Academy. After wondering for some time what was going on, I perched outside one of the chapel windows. There was a man on the stage talking, and everyone was listening intently. To my great sorrow the window was not open far enough for me to hear who he was, or what he was saying, but I afterward learned that the speaker was Prof. Adams from Dartmouth College, delivering a very instructive lecture on Demosthenes.

One morning Mr. Bingham gave out in chapel that the Senior Middle class would give a social the next Friday evening, commencing at half-past seven. Well! don't you think for a minute that I wasn't on hand, for I knew 1910 would give a good social, and it did. Little triangular favors were given out at the door for everyone; on the back of these were the program and numbers for the boys and girls to match up. After the match promenade, was a tableau, "The Union forever," Margaret Abbott representing

the goddess of liberty, and Helen Benson a fairy. After this was a reading entitled, "The Two and the Terror," by Lucy Laws. Then came a solo by Lillian Sawyer, then a "Hot Coffee" promenade. A farce, "The Dumb Waiter," was then given by six girls. Another promenade, "Her lead," followed by a solo, completed the evening. Light refreshments were served to all. This was a very enjoyable evening to me and I'm sure it was to all who were present. One sad thing, I saw after the social. What do you think it was? Why it was Seavey wending his way toward the depot with a fair blonde. I was surprised, for I didn't think it of him. Suppose he got in in time to see if his companions reached the Hall by ten?

I have missed a Senior's smiling face, and am very sorry to learn that Miss Smith is at home, sick. O Bess! do hurry up and get well, for we all miss you very much. And Henrietta Wheeler, where's she? She at home, sick, too? I'm sorry again. Now girls, I hope you both will be able to join us next term.

On the night of February 11, Pinkerton and her friends were assembled in observance of Lincoln's centenary. Long had I heard rumors of this, but it was not until the beginning of the week that I knew the full particulars. Robert Lincoln O'Brien, Editor of the Boston Transcript and alumnus of Pinkerton, delivered the address. Before he spoke, however, Mrs. Shepard, in the name of the Molly Reid Chapter of the Daughters of the Revolution, presented to the Academy a splendid bust of Lincoln. Mr.

Bingham and Rev. John P. Newell, chairman of the Trustees, made speeches of acceptance. After Mr. O'Brien had spoken, Mrs. Bingham, also in the name of the Molly Reid chapter, presented to him a relief of Lincoln. The singing of the Battle Hymn of the Republic ended the evening. We returned home to think more deeply than ever of our country and in particular of Lincoln and his mighty life. The purport of Mr. O'Brien's words and of the selections from Lincoln's own words delivered by some of the pupils, was not of deeds but of results. It was withal a pleasing and instructive evening, the loss of which would have equaled the loss of a schoolday. That night as I sat in the belfry and thought, I was firmly convinced that the Veterans, the Relief corps, the Daughters of the Revolution, and the Sons of Veterans, all of whom had attended, would feel repaid for their efforts.

I have always felt a deep interest in the welfare of the Philomathean Society, and have watched with sorrow the failing interest in that institution. In times past I have seen the settees in the back of the room filled, but now, I seldom see ten members present. But this society in its present condition has resolved that it shall renew its vigor and usefulness. Among the several plans that have been proposed, one seems to have been decided upon. The society will probably be divided equally into two parties which will wage vigorous war on one another. Each will organize itself as it thinks best, and secure as many new members as possible. This is an entirely new plan which should have good results.

We are all very glad to know that the Trustees have engaged Mr. Brice to

coach the boys in baseball and track athletics this spring. His work last fall was first class in every way and we feel ourselves fortunate in getting him again. You know of course that in coaching an athletic team a man should be strong in two important respects. In the first place he must be a thorough athlete himself; that is self-evident. But given a man suitably equipped with athletic knowledge, he may be the poorest kind of a failure if he is not also a gentleman of high character, a natural leader of men, and in these qualities Mr. Brice, to use an expression often heard at Pinkerton, fulfils "all the requirements."

Before I come before you again the snow and ice will have gone from our campus, and the thud of the baseball bat will be echoing through the village. We start the season with everything in our favor. Of last year's team we have "the Twinnies," both of whom are said to have ambitions looking toward the box. If they both make good, I don't know what the effect on opposing teams will be. Thus far I have never found anyone who can tell "which is, and which aint." With two such duplicates twirling the ball we ought to be able to "fool 'em some." I shall expect to hear great tales, as defeated foes wend their disgusted ways depotward. Imagine a fellow who thinks he has Elwin all sized up and is determined to whack out a dandy single, coming to the bat to find apparently the same cool and smiling lad in the box but pitching an entirely different style of ball. I prophesy tales of hypnotism and all sorts of supernatural influences, but I shall merely flap my wings and say to myself "They have been up against our Twinnies."

Besides the Palmer twins there are "Dave," "Babe" Williams, Watts, and "Barty" Shepard, of last year's team, and a whole lot of good new men. If you don't have a great team, boys, it will be your own fault.

Captain "Dave" has a big proposition ahead of him to get up a track team. I don't know what we are going to do without Fritz Shepard and Ted Corson. But it simply means that every fellow in school has got to get out and work. We have never been quitters yet, and I do not believe we shall begin now.

Friday evening, March 12, the Senior Middlers and Junior Middlers met on the platform in their debate for the class of 1905 cup. The affirmative of the question, "Resolved: that the present naturalization laws should be made more stringent," was upheld by 1911, and the negative by 1910. The speakers were Margaret Abbott, Emily Healey, and John Bartlett for the Senior Middlers, John Miltimore, Mason Young, and Ivo Russell for the Junior Middlers. The debate was awarded to 1910. Next term the victors will be challenged by the Juniors.

## The Owl.

I have been following some of the teachers around of late, and have noticed that most of their time has been spent in the company of blue pencils and record books. A glance over their shoulders now and then has furnished me a great deal of amusement.

While an examination paper would doubtless be the last thing chosen as a means of entertainment, the following—which are guaranteed original—give evidence that even the dull things of life have their bright spots.

"Chivalry had the rules that a man should be honest, Polite, and he should love one woman. Usually when he was nighted a festival was held, they hit him on the back with a sword, then he got on his horse and rode off."

"The good features of Knighthood a Chivalry was their excelent courtisie. There were supposed to have at least one lady love. They were allways very kind to the woemen of their class."

"During Elizabeth reign which was for a long period she was the next ruler after Edward VI. She had a sister who had married and called Queen Mary of Scots. Elizabeth had a better education was better looking. Her chief helper was Religh during the later part of her reign."

"Philip of Macidonia concored Greace, and had things ready for his son Alixander to capture Persia when he was killed."

"The actors (Greek) wore socks if they wanted to become shorter and buskins if they wanted to become taller."

'He was a noted Thespian,' means that he was a great actor or actoress."

"Rome would never make peace with a victorius fow."

"At Candine Pass the Romans were . . . driven under the yolk."

"Petroleum is a illumant and liquid fluid."

A translation from Cicero:—

"I see concerning those, who wished

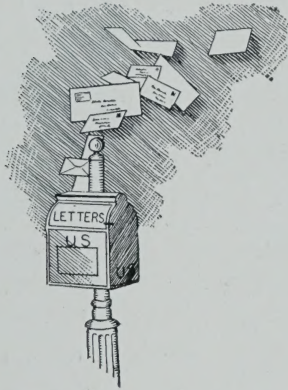
that they had the popular feeling, not one of them being present, that in truth they do not hold the same thought of the Roman people concerning punishment."

Some simplified spelling.

Dionesus, Dioniceus, Dionysion, Zues, Zues, Demosternes, Demtheuse, Demontheles, Demothanies, Aggamenon, Agamomemn, Agamnemon, Achylus, Esgulus,

Permetious Bound, Phemts Bound, Promethues Bound.

Acording, welth, thron, library, library, translated, "Platricians and Plebtians," sanxion, reguard, interprite, Chaucher, Chauser, Syles, Slues, Sculy, Sluy, slays, suffucient, wheter, presended, decred, geneous, cosult, cacus, Sammight, Asia Mina, grate scill, alys, orgermization, perswaid.



What an abused mortal the Freshman is! Everyone seems to take pleasure in making him the butt of the fiercest jokes, every school paper is more than willing to lend its pages to the writer of advice to him. And now *The Pennant*, Elkhart, Ind., has issued a number which confessedly is for 1912 alone! We pronounce the number a great success, if *The Pennant's* editorial board aimed to impress upon the paper's readers that a freshman is always green and always very little. *The Pennant*, which, by the way is a new exchange with us, is very lively for a youngster—this is its first year—and we hesitate to say anything to displease it, for we have a wholesome fear of the direct and forceful language of its exchange editor. We think, however, that its head is out of proportion with the other parts

## Erchanges.

of its body—which is our crude way of saying that the Literary Department doesn't balance the rest of the paper.

An exchange we have received regularly since the opening of the year is *The Reveille*. We like to read of life in a military college, and for this reason the paper has always been interesting to us—It comes from Norwich University, Northfield, Vt. For a college publication, however, it is not in any way meritorious of special praise; we have many prep. school papers which surpass it.

"A Group of Opinions," being brief expressions by students of their thoughts concerning important subjects, was an interesting feature of *The Red and Black*, Claremont, N. H. It is always a pleasure for us to read this paper,—everything has a distinct place within it, and depart-

ments are always balanced in quality and quantity alike.

*The Oracle*, Bangor, Me., has a cover design on its January issue exemplifying the charm of simplicity to perfection. Simple as it is, however, we like it better than the old cover, which, judging from appearances was printed from a plate made in the dark ages and used continually since that time.

A boy who has been accustomed to telling little "fibs" (as he calls them), as Washington's Birthday approaches hears again and again that old story of George and the hatchet. "I cannot tell a lie." Stricken with remorse, he resolves for one whole day to tell the truth. His experiences during that day in his efforts to keep to his resolution are very interestingly told in "The Truth, The Whole Truth and Nothing But the Truth," in *The Mirror*, Waltham, Mass. Poor lad! We can all sympathize with him, I know. The Literary Department of *The Mirror* is composed almost wholly of sketches; compositions of a different character are almost entirely absent. Be it said, however, that this absence of poetry and stories has not resulted in an uninteresting department,—in fact, the contrary seems to be the case.

Better cuts and different cover paper would add greatly to Waltham High's Magazine.

In fancy we can see the smile that the editor of *The Oracle*, Edward Little High School, Auburn, Me., must wear. From the number of pages devoted to literature in this paper, the inference is natural that

the students are enthusiastically supporting the paper. One is inclined to think that the students are doing more work than the staff, for all other departments are far inferior to the one devoted to literature,—in size at least, if in no other respect. The quality of the paper as a whole is only mediocre.

Exchanges to report are: *Alpha*, 2, (West Bedford, Mass.), *Artisan* (Boston, Mass.), *Breccia*, (Portland, Me.), *Brown Alumni Monthly*, 2, (Providence, R. I.) *Bugle*, (Bakersfield, Vt.), *Cambridge Review*, (Cambridge, Mass.), *Choate School News*, (Wallingford, Conn.), *Clarion*, (Marlborough, Mass.), *Clarion*, (West Roxbury, Mass.), *Crimson and White*, (Gloucester, Mass.), *Crimson Tattler*, 2, (West Newton, Mass.), *Dial*, 2, (Brattleboro, Vt.), *E. L. H. S. Oracle*, (Auburn, Me.), *Increscent*, (Beloit, Wis.), *Gates Index*, (Neligh, Neb.), *Goddard Record*, (Barre, Vt.), *Kimball Union*, 2, (Meriden, N. H.), *Latin School Register*, (Boston, Mass.), *L. H. S. Quarterly*, (Lewiston, Me.), *Lilliputian*, (Canton, N. Y.), *Megaphone*, (Franklin, Mass.), *Messenger*, (Portland, Me.), *Minute Man*, (Concord, Mass.), *Mirror*, (Waltham, Mass.), *New Hampshire College Monthly*, (Durham, N. H.), *Now and Then*, (St. Paul, Minn.), *Oracle*, 2, (Bangor, Me.), *Owl*, (Wellsville, N. Y.), *Pennant*, (Elkhart, Ind.), *Quarterly Tattler*, (New York, N. Y.), *Red and Black*, (Claremont, N. H.), *Res Academicæ*, 3, (Wilkes Barre, Penn.), *Reveille*, (Northfield, Vt.), *Review*, Newton, Mass.), *School Life*, (Melrose, Mass.), *Tattler*, 2, (Nashua, N. H.), *Vermont Academy Life*, (Saxton's River, Vt.), *Volunteer*, (Concord, N. H.)

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